

A decorative border on a yellowish-tan background. It features several large, detailed roses in shades of orange and red. Interspersed among the roses are four cherubs or putti. Two cherubs are positioned on the left side, one near the top and one near the bottom, both looking towards the center. Two cherubs are on the right side, one near the top and one near the bottom, also looking towards the center. Long, flowing red ribbons are draped throughout the scene, looping around the roses and cherubs. The overall style is reminiscent of late 19th or early 20th-century book illustrations.

Rose Buds.

by

Virginia Gerson.



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27
08

Anne De La Croix
from Mrs. Rich.



Rose-Buag.



ROSE-BUDS

by

Virginia Gerson



New York
White, Stokes, & Allen.
1885

To Willie Savory



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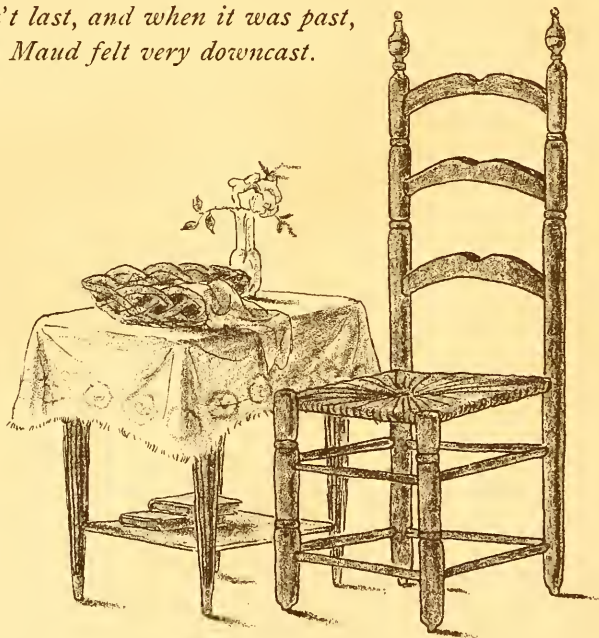
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*Did you think that Josephine Maud was asleep,
Lying down there on the floor in a heap?
Oh, deary me, no! you have made a mistake;
Josephine Maud was quite wide awake.*

*Then why did she lie there, so long, and so still?
I can't bear to tell you, and yet—well, I will;
Josephine Maud was a sad, bad girl,
She threw down her doll with a toss and a whirl:*

*She crushed its pink nose, she tore off its wig,
She whipped her poor doll with a crab-
apple sprig;
But temper don't last, and when it was past,
Poor Josephine Maud felt very downcast.*

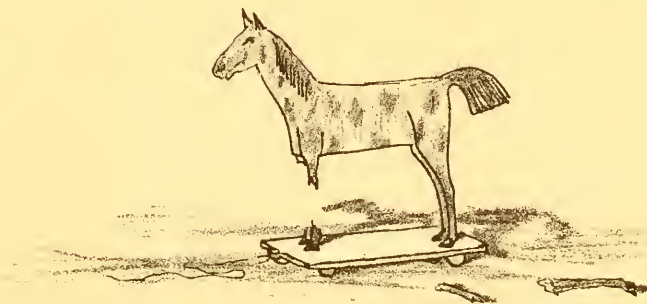


*"Oh! Josephine Maud!" cried her mother,
in sorrow,
"Now what will you do for a dolly to-
morrow?"*

*"Dear! dear! I'm so sorry," said poor Josephine:
And seldom since then has her temper been seen.*



*Tommy !
Tommy !
Oh, where is Tommy Warner?
Naughty boys
Break their toys,—
Tommy's in the corner !*





*Heigh ho! heigh ho!
Papa has gone to sea,
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
What will he bring to me?
Shells and corals and a toy!
Won't I be a happy boy!*



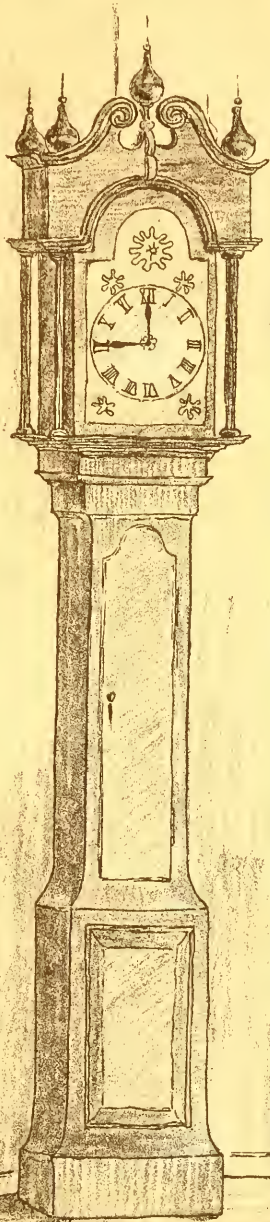
*Oh, what glory
Is in the story
Of the boy who went to sea ;
For he'd sailor clothes
And a sunburnt nose
And a laugh that was merry and free !*

*He climbed so fast
The topsail past,
And he laughed so loud in his glee,
Till a stormy blast
Blew him off the mast,
And a shark ate him up for his tea !*





Lillie!
Lillie!
Ah, here is Lillie Lansing:
Right foot!
Left foot!
Lillian is dancing.



Fred!

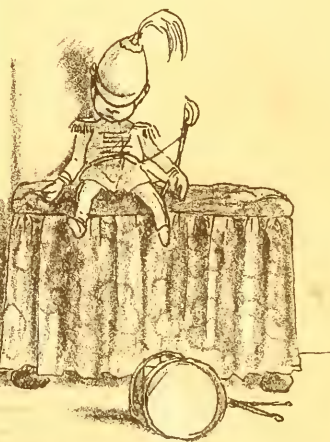
Fred!

Oh, where is Fred?

Eight o'clock!

Nine o'clock!

Fred has gone to bed.





*Our hoops are rolling around ;
They're rolling all over the ground.
Who can tell but some day
They'll roll far away,
And never, no never, be found.*



*Good-day! Good-day!
Bring out your sleigh,
The snow blows in my face, oh!
Good-bye! Good-bye!
And away we fly!
Now who will win the race, oh?*



*Girls and boys come out to-day,
The sun is shining on the hay ;
Yellow and bright is the rising sun,
All is gay, and the day's begun.*



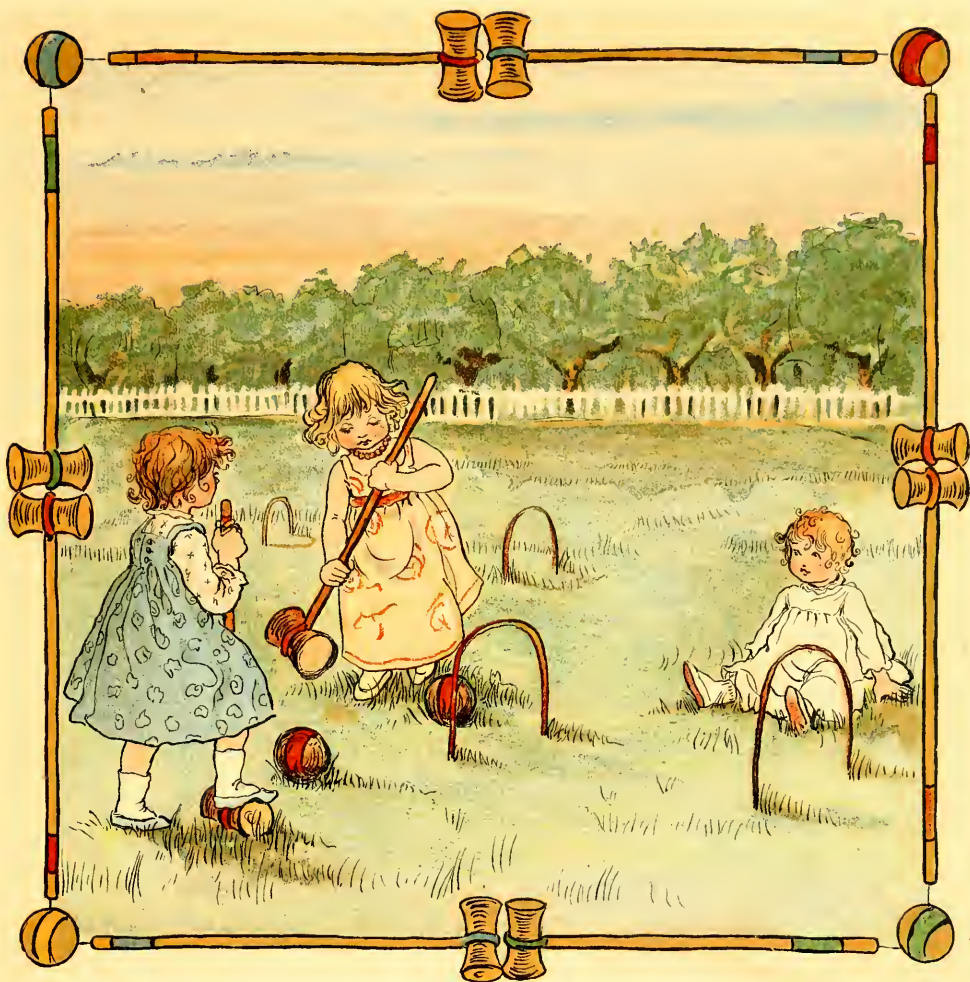


*On a hot summer day, some little fat sparrows
Thought 't would be cooling to fly, swift as arrows,
Over the wall to a nice shady nook
And take a fresh bath in the clear flowing brook !
But they splashed, and they chirped,
And made such a commotion,
That they turned the clear brook
To a miniature ocean;
And the two little sisters,
Who had watched them at play,
Laughed out so gayly, it scared them away.*





*My dicky bird !
My dicky bird !
Where can he be, poor thing ?
He is sitting alone
On a green mossy stone,
Trying his best to sing.*

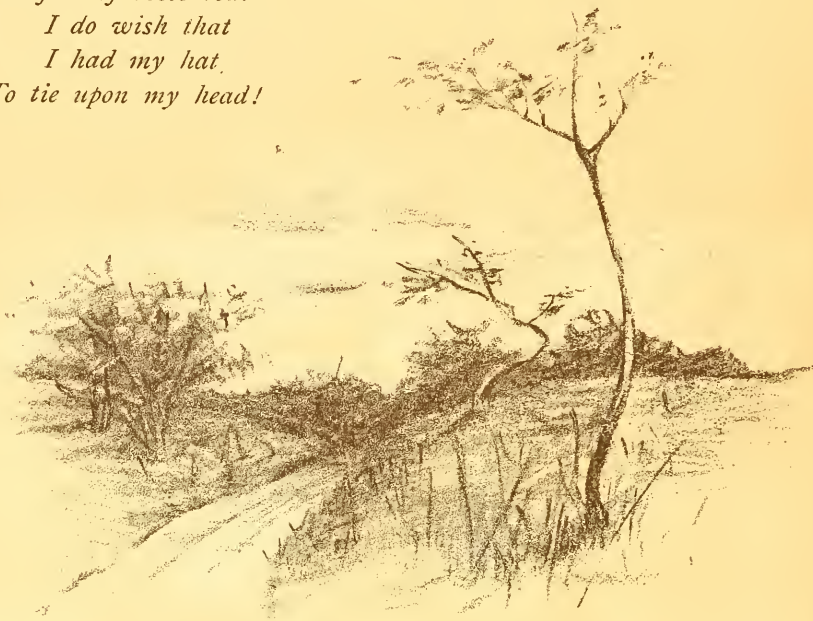


*Oh, come let us play
A game of croquet,
Cried rosy-checked May
To her sister one day.*

*They played a great game,
And then had another ;
May won the first,
But Fane won the other.*



*I tell you that
I've lost my hat;
It's full of roses red.
I do wish that
I had my hat,
To tie upon my head!*



*I threw it down,
Caught up my gown,
And ran to catch my cat;
I did not get
My little pet,
And could not find my hat.*

*Now one, two, three,
And, oh, dear me!
Whatever shall I do?
I've lost my hat
And my pet cat,
Yes, and my temper too.*





*Josiah Brown
Has come to town,
He has a pink bouquet;
He brought it straight
From Applegate,
To give to little May.*



*The green grass is growing,
And a fresh breeze is blowing,
And a red robin's learning to fly, oh !
There's a bush and a pond,
And what is beyond ?
Nothing but bright blue sky, oh !*



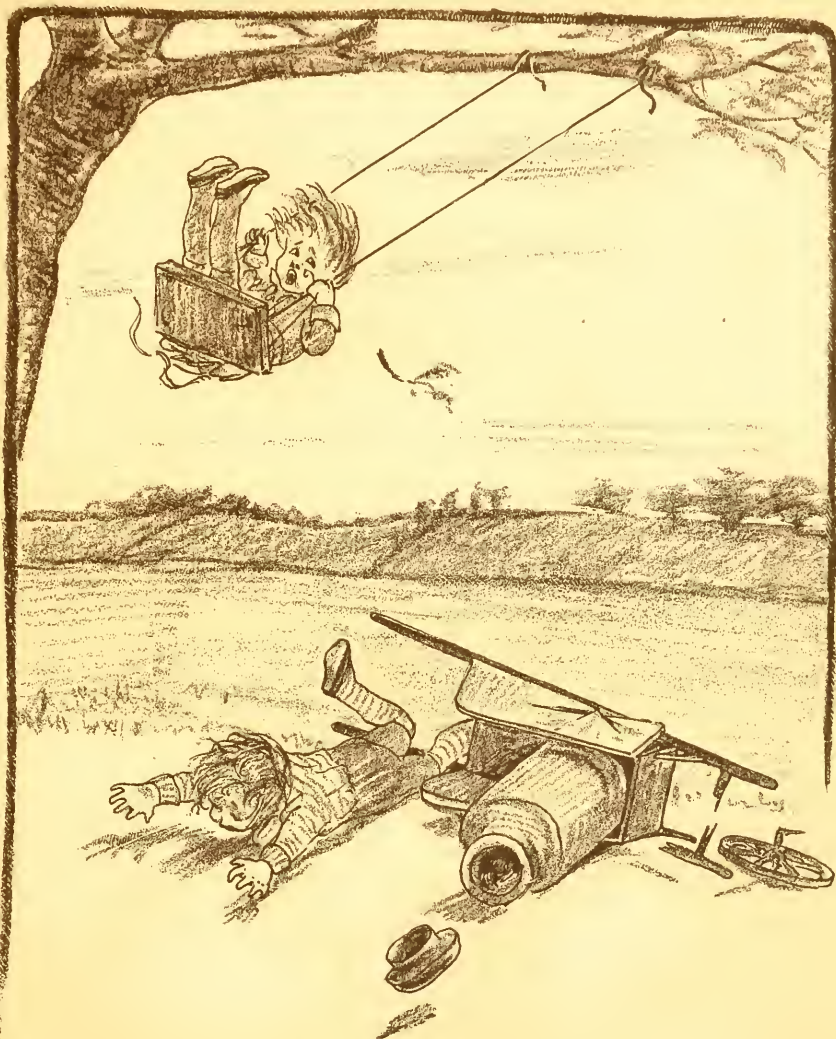


*Two little boys with flying hair,
Where summer winds are blowing.
Don't you wish that you were there?
For o'er the waves they're going.*





AH !



OH !!!!!

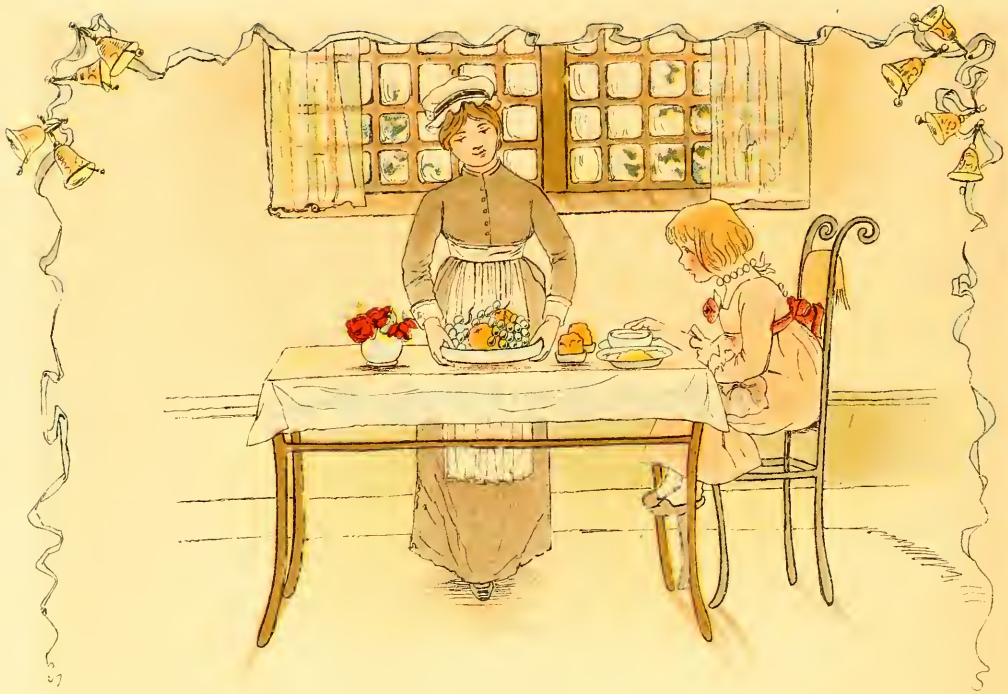


*Ding dong, ding dong,
Sang out a bell;
And off to church went pretty Nell,
Went pretty Nell,
Went pretty Nell,
And off to church went pretty Nell.*



*Ding dong, dang dong,
Called out a bell;
And off to school ran pretty Nell,
Ran pretty Nell,
Ran pretty Nell,
And off to school ran pretty Nell.*





*Dingling, dingling,
Laughed out a bell;
And home to tea came pretty Nell,
Came pretty Nell,
Came pretty Nell,
And home to tea came pretty Nell.*

*Hurry, pretty Nelly,
Patty cakes and jelly;
The tea is hot
In the big tea-pot,
Singing for you, Nelly.*



*Oh, dandelions, dandelions,
What have you there?—
A rosy little baby
With yellow, yellow hair.*

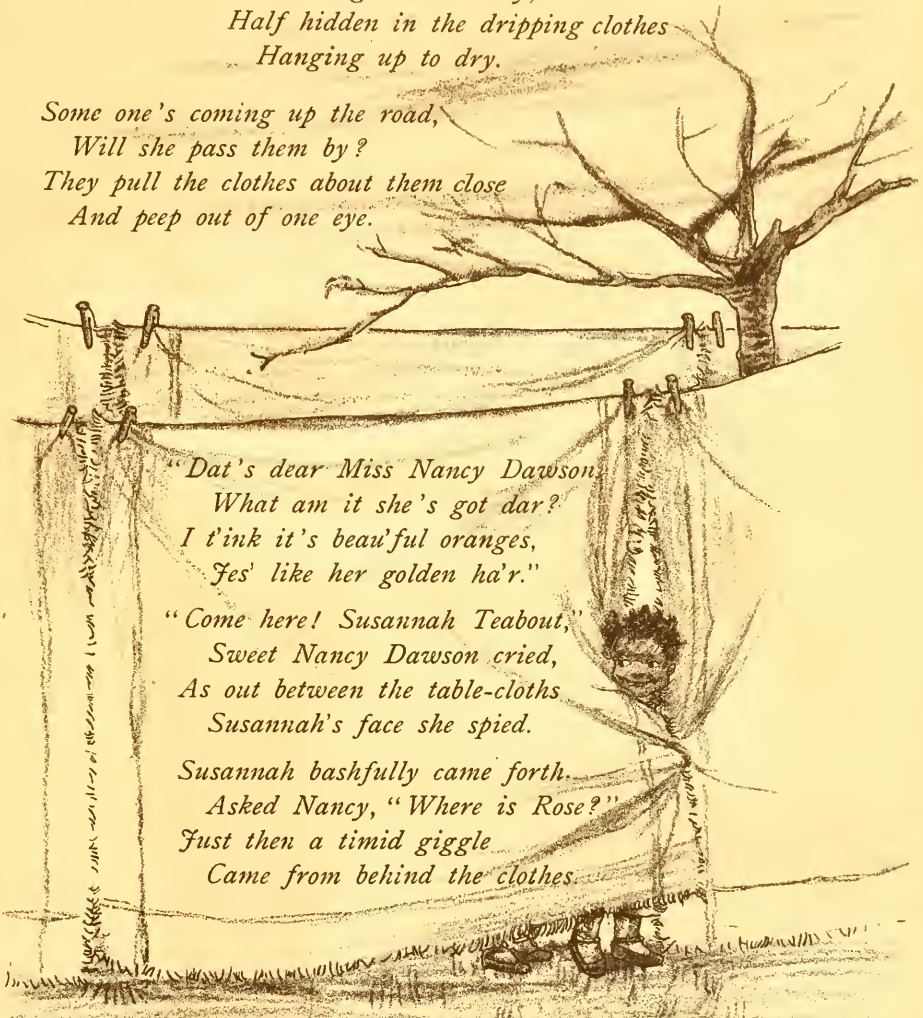
*But, dandelions, dandelions,
What can she do?—
Pucker up her little mouth
And throw a kiss to you!*





*Two tiny shiny negroes,
Standing there so shy,
Half hidden in the dripping clothes
Hanging up to dry.*

*Some one's coming up the road,
Will she pass them by?
They pull the clothes about them close
And peep out of one eye.*



*"Dat's dear Miss Nancy Dawson,
What am it she's got dar?
I t'ink it's beau'ful oranges,
Jes' like her golden ha'r."*

*"Come here! Susannah Teabout,"
Sweet Nancy Dawson cried,
As out between the table-cloths
Susannah's face she spied.*

*Susannah bashfully came forth.
Asked Nancy, "Where is Rose?"
Just then a timid giggle
Came from behind the clothes*

*So Susie went and quickly brought
Rosalba into view,
And Nancy gave them each some fruit,
And bade them both "adieu ;*



Do look at little Bobbie!
Dear me! he is so nobbie!
He struts about with a walking-stick,
And carries a watch that goes tick, tick!
Tick, tock!
Tick, tock!
Tick, tick, tick!
Look at little Bobbie with his walking-stick.





*Amy !
Amy !
Oh, where is Amy Clare ?
Little cats
On funny mats
She 's working for the fair.*



*There was a little boy,
 And he had a little drum:
 Ta ratta, ta ratta, tum-tum!
 He played very loud,
 And he played very fast —
 Ta rumpa, ta rumpa, bum-bum!*

*He rattled away,
 And away did he play:
 Ta ratta, ta ratta, tum-tum!
 Till he made all the boys
 Stop their ears at his noise —
 Ta rumpa, ta rumpa, bum-bum!*



*My dolly is a Japanese,
And will not say his A, B, C's,
No matter how I coax and tease
That naughty, naughty Japanese!*



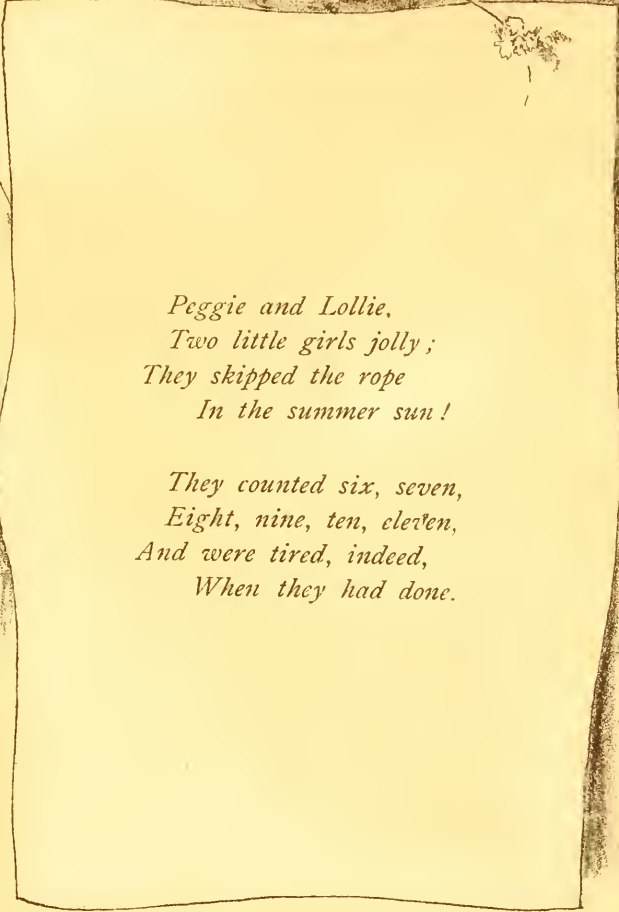


*Go to sleep, my little baby.
See! the sun has gone to sleep;
Dream of bright white snow, my baby,
Soft and white and deep!
Dream of pretty flowers, baby,
Pink or white or blue.
Pretty little dreams, my baby,
Angels send to you!*



*Out from the trees in an unlooked-for place
Runs Dorothy Daw with a frightful false-face,
That grins and glares,
And thoroughly scares
Poor Minnie, who thinks it a terrible sight.
But, Minnie, don't you mind it!
There's a smiling face behind it—
Very naughty is Miss Dorothy to give you such a fright.*



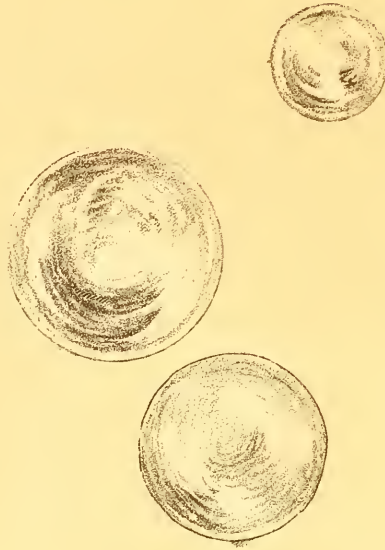


*Peggie and Lollie,
Two little girls jolly ;
They skipped the rope
In the summer sun !*

*They counted six, seven,
Eight, nine, ten, eleven,
And were tired, indeed,
When they had done.*







*The bubbles are gay as they float away,
And gayly they're blown and wafted to-day.
Merrily rings the childish laughter,
Echoing straight from floor to rafter.
Even baby wond'ring stands,
Clapping both her tiny hands.
Bubbles are pretty, and float around,
But why do they burst when they touch
the ground?*





*There were six
Little chicks,
And little girls two,
And a bush of sweet-brier grew near:
"The chicks must be fed,"
The little girls said.
"Here, chickies, here, chickies, come here!"*



*Then came they at last,
The chickens, so fast,
And ate all the corn they could find;
But one little chick
Was not nearly so quick
As the others who left him behind !*



*Down from the sill
To a sunnier spot,
Maud carefully carried
Each funny red pot.*

*She pulled every weed,
She sprinkled each flower,
She worked hard, indeed,
Every day for an hour ;*

*And when she had finished,
They grew up so bright ;
She clapped her fat hands,
And danced with delight.*







*Paul !
Paul !
Oh, where is Paul ?
Let me think !
At the rink ?
Paul will have a fall !*





*Fohnny !
Fohnny !
Oh, where did Fohnny creep ?
Upstairs,
Downstairs,
Fohnny 's fast asleep.*





*"Come hither, 'Brother Toodles,'
Let me deck your pretty head;"
And quickly round poor Toodles' neck
Was hung a wreath of red.*

*But Toodles did n't like the leaves;
He tried to tear them loose;
But, though he madly rushed about,
He found it was no use.*



*What have I behind my back?
Dear me, can't you guess it?
Nothing but my empty hands,
If I must confess it.*





*"Oh, papa, dear papa is coming,
A long year he's been far away.
Do you wonder we've cut all the roses
To make his home sunny and gay?
"Oh, hush, happy child, with your prattle,
I think I hear horses approach,"—
In a second lay scattered the roses.
For papa, had sprung from the coach!"*



*"What can you do,
Cousin Prue, cousin Prue?"
"Well—not much, indeed;
But I know
I can sew,
And can write, and can read."*



*"Well, what else can you do,
My smart cousin Prue?"
"Not much, I'm afraid;
But I think
I could drink
Some nice cool lemonade."*





*"A balloon! a balloon!"
Shouted Tommy; "See there!"
Oh, Peggotty, look at it
Sail through the air!"*

*"It's as big as the moon,
That jolly balloon,
And as high in the sky
It will be very soon."*

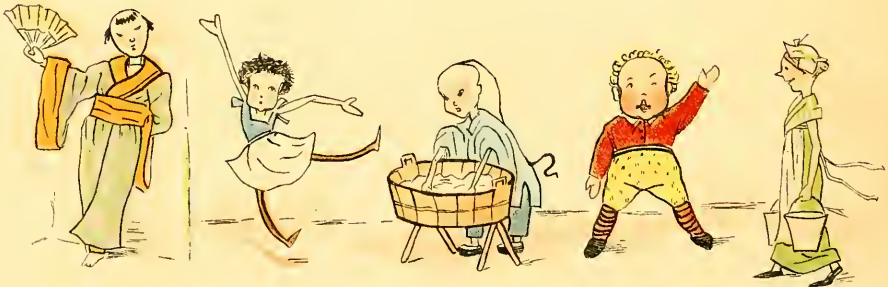


*I'll tell you, if you'd like to hear,
Where all my dolls are from;
Poor little things, they cannot speak,
They are all deaf and dumb.*

*Well, Lee Hing is from China,
Kisara's from Japan;
Lee Hing has a little tub,
Kisara a big fan.*

*Fritzie? He's from Germany,
And Bébé 'way from France;
Fritzie, he can sing a song,
And Bébé, she can dance.*

*Good Biddy is from Ireland,
And she can milk the cow;
But last of all, my little dog—
Come, Beauty, say "bow-wow!"*





*Poor tricky Tricksy is now no more ;
He's dead ! —'t is sad, but true ;
Ah, many were the funny tricks
That Tricksy was wont to do :*

*He'd rush upon a dozing frog
That blinked beside a mossy log,
And wildly glare and bark at it,
And nearly put it in a fit.*

*Then calmly Tricksy would walk away,
And wag his tail as though to say :
" Cowardice is not a virtue —
Tricksy is not the dog to hurt you ! "*

*One day a dog that played with him
Jumped in the river for a swim.
Poor Tricksy went after, with a bound,—
Ah, foolish dog ! for he was drowned.*

*Poor tricky Tricksy is now no more ;
He's dead ! —'t is sad, but true ;
Too many were the little tricks
This dog had tried to do.*







*Betsy !
Betsy !
Why, where is Betsy Braken ?
Across the lane,
And back again,
To have her picture taken !*



*"What have you there,
You fat little things?
It is not a fish,
And it has no wings."*

*"You say it's a turtle,
But what is that, pray?"*

*"Why, a turtle's a turtle,"
Cried pert little May.*

VG



*" Well, birdie, hollo !
Why are you so mum ?
Surely, dear birdie,
You 're glad that I 've come,"
So birdie said " peep,"
And looked very sweet ;
A big lump of sugar
Bell gave it to eat.*

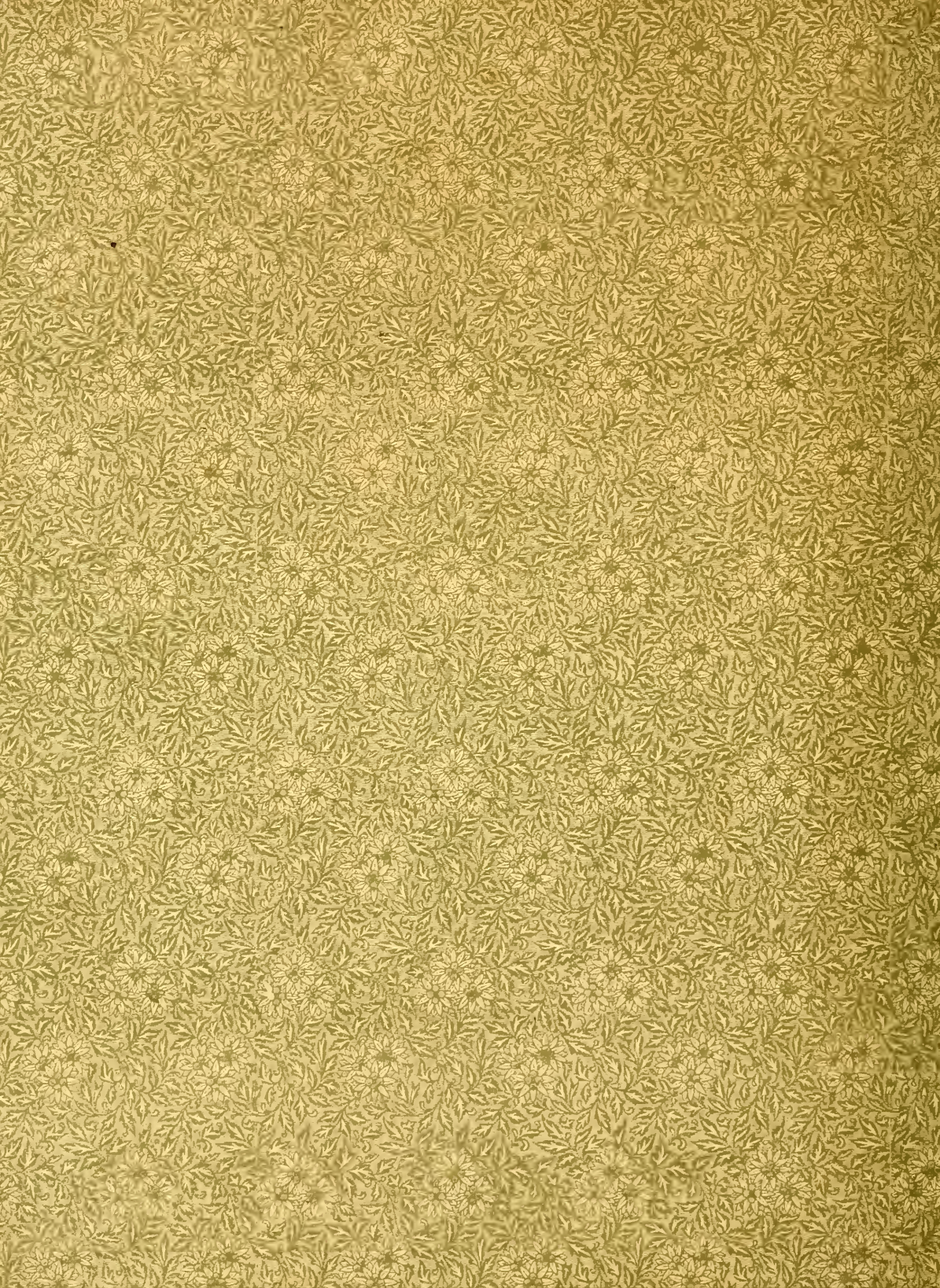
"
Good night"
"

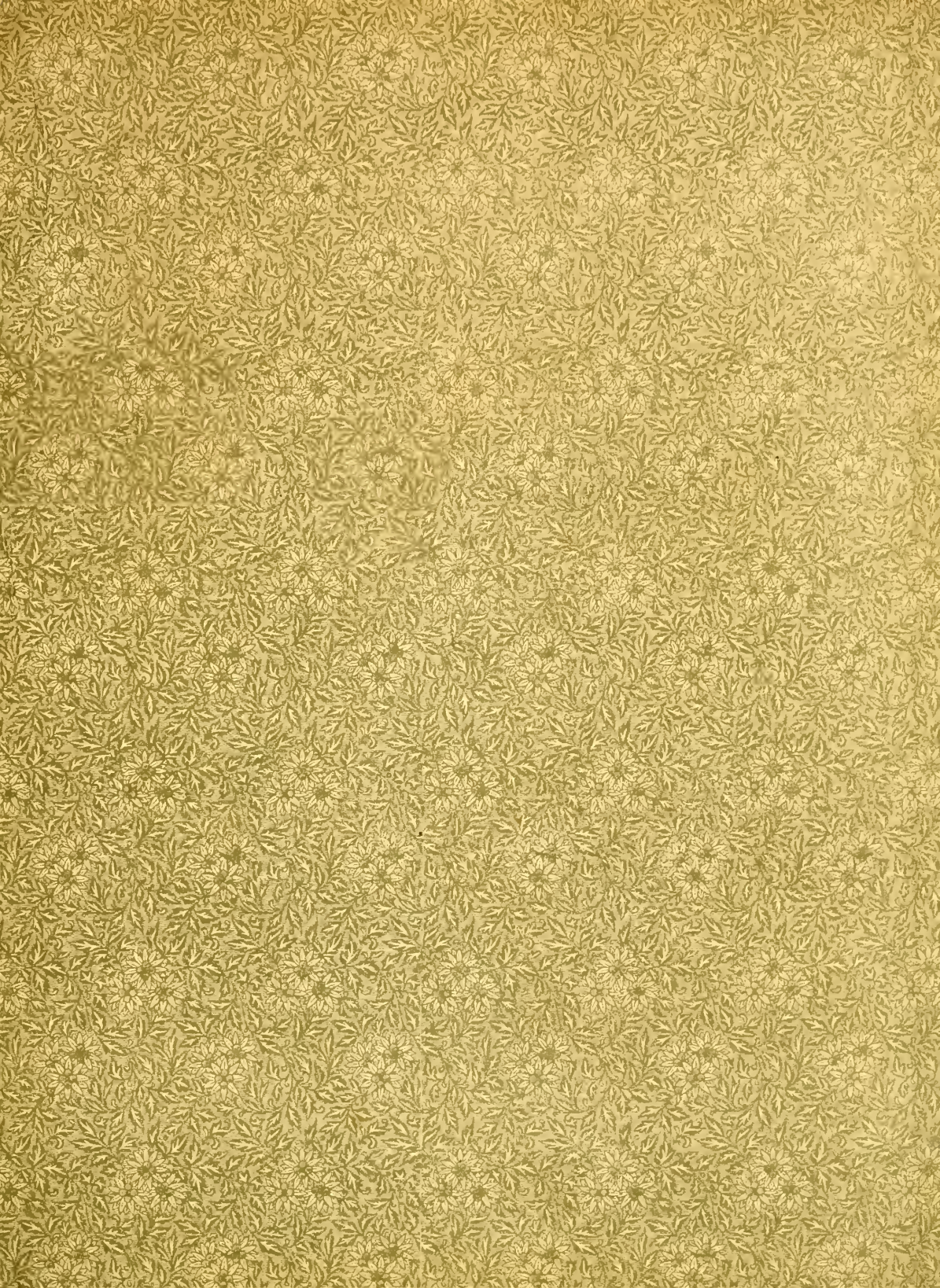


*The clock has struck seven,
And, well—yes, you might,
As you're such a good child,
Kiss my dolly "good-night."*



THE END.







White, Stokes, & Allen
New York.